



*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

**N**OW is the winter of discontent,  
 Made glorious sommer by this Some of Yorke:  
 And all the cloudes that low'r vpon our house,  
 In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,  
 Now are our browes bound with victorius wreathes,  
 Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,  
 Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures,  
 Grim-visage war, hath smoothd his wrinkled front,  
 And now insted of mounting barbed steeds,  
 To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,  
 He capers nimble in a Ladies chamber,  
 To the laciuidus pleasing of a loue,  
 But I that am not sharpe of sportius trickes,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse,  
 I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues maicesty,  
 To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;  
 I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, vnfinisht, but before my time,  
 Into this breathing world hal'e made vp,  
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable,  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,  
 Why I in this weake piping time of peace,  
 Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
 Vnlesse to spee my shadow in the sunne,  
 And descant one mine owne deformity,  
 And therefore since I cannot proue a loue,  
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
 I am determin'd to proue a villaine,  
 And here the late pleasures of these dayes  
 Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

